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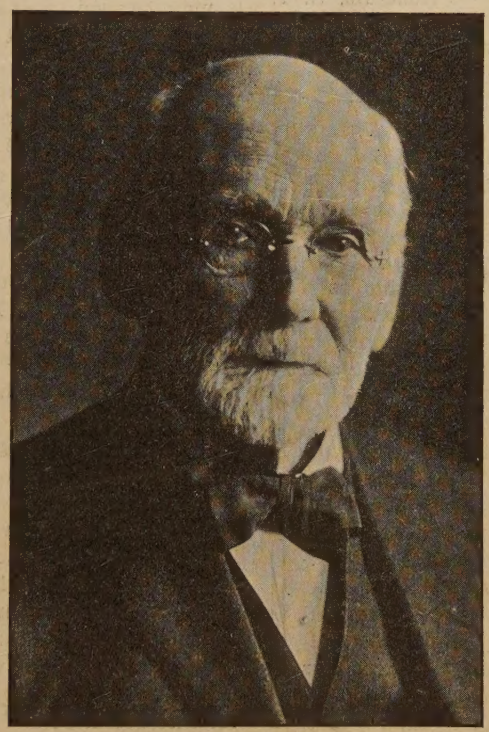

THE REV. WALTER FREAR, D.D.

THE PACIFIC

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FOR CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

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A NECESSARY WAR-TIME ENACTMENT AND ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE PACIFIC'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Pacific Publishing Company held on Monday, September 23, it was voted to publish The Pacific as a monthly instead of as a weekly for the duration of the war. The printer with whom the company has had contract for the printing of the paper for the last ten years, finding himself hard-pressed by the exigencies of the war, asked on the 16th of this month to be released at an early date from the contract, which expires in June, 1920. The Board did not feel that it would be right to enforce the same in the circumstances, and the only arrangement that could be made at the present time was for the publication of a monthly. The subscription price of that will be one dollar a year, and credit will be given all subscribers accordingly. The Board believes that all the subscribers will recognize at once the need for this action in the stress of the times; and all the friends of the paper are urged to rally to its support, extend the circulation and make it possible for the paper to go on as a Pacific Coast servant.

FIDDLING WHILE ROME BURNS.

We do not know that Nero started the fire that in the tenth year of his reign nearly destroyed the ancient city of Rome. The popular suspicion long was that it was at the Emperor's order that the flames were lighted which raged with the greatest fury for six days and seven nights, and after they had been extinguished burst forth again and continued for two days more, until only four of the fourteen districts of the city were left unburned. It is an established fact, however, that Nero spread the report, or was a party to the spreading of it, that the Christians of that day had started the fire, and at the Emperor's order many of them were seized and put to death in the most horrible ways—covered with the skins of wild beasts some were torn to pieces by dogs in the arenas of great amphiteaters; others were smeared with pitch and other combustible materials and burned to death at night to light the imperial gardens, others were crucified. The executions, it is recorded, were for the amusement of the people. While thousands of buildings in the city on the seven hills and treasure uncounted went up in flame and smoke and many of the Christian men and women writhed in torture the Emperor fiddled for the further amusement of himself and the miserable beastly claqueurs whom he had gathered about him.

History is repeating itself today! A world conflagration is raging. In the midst of it men and women are fiddling, and are blindly charging the conflagration—some to one thing, some to another, seemingly unaware of what it really means. As we write the morning paper lies before us and a glance at it shows headliness such as these: "Appalling slaughter of Representative People and Former Officers Goes on in Russia." "Death Edicts are Signed Unread by Bolsheviki." "Victims Shot at Night in Cellars with Guns of Executioners Muffled with Silencers."

This and much more in Russia! Can anything like it happen in this country? We believe that it can, and that it may happen, probably will happen if men do not quit their fiddling and get down to business—to the Lord's business.

Read this from a sober but courageous paper in the United States of America in the month of September in the Year of our Lord 1918:

"You of the older generation, statesmen, rulers and masters, who made the world in which we live, whose ideas and ideals had the shaping of it: listen to one of your rebellious pupils.

"To us, your rebellious pupils, it seemed an unlovely world you had made. In the records of the past—in books, in religions, in art—we found hints of other possibilities, we found the dream of beauty and kindness; but the actual world in which we had to earn our livings and shape our lives was a chaos of greed and cruelty, a topsy-turvy place in which honest things were ridiculous, and just and kindly things brought ruin and despair." * * * *

"Look at your world today! In the oldest centres of culture are ten or twenty million men, engaged in converting one another into manure-heaps. Everywhere on five continents the energies of society are turned to the invention and wholesale creation of new instruments for the destruction of life. And this is the world you have made, masters and rulers, with your 'business ideals'—that is to say, your glorification of blind greed, your gospel of systematic selfishness." * * * *

"You have thrown us into a pit. Will you help us now to get out again? Rest assured, we mean to get out—that is the final resolve which this world -tragedy has taught to the common man. You, who have the wealth, the leisure, the training in command, you have yet time to help us, if you will." * * * * *

"Are we in America to have a Bolshevik revolution? Or can we contrive a new kind of revolution—a democratic revolution, in which men of all classes may unite in the abolishment of wage-slavery, with its curses of poverty, prostitution, crime and war Rest assured of this one thing, gentlemen of America; with you or without, the work will be done; the world in which we live is going to be remade, and never again will those who seek private advantage be masters either in politics or in industry."

The man who wrote what we have just quoted had vision. What he says is bound to come to pass. We are wondering to what extent the church will block the way; and, if

revolution must needs come, how much of the blood of the victims will be upon the heads of the men and women in the churches who failed to get the vision and who like Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

In a recent article in The Survey on "A World Safe for Democracy," John A. Hobson, the well-known British economist, wrote: "Here lies the very heart of the coming conflict. All the intellectual and moral as well as the financial resources of the ruling and possessing classes that hate and fear democracy (though doing lip service) will be used so to control and dope public opinion as to prevent the formation and emergency of a popular will reasonable enough to master the state, and through the state to reform property, industry and other social institutions. The press, the church, the school, the university, the club, the party machine, the library, the theater, the cinema, and other popular recreations, every mode of influencing pubic opinion through politics, social power and finance, will be organized as never before, to check the intellectual and moral growth of real democracy. This is the vicious circle of reactionary powers with which the peoples, struggling for political, economic and spiritual sovereignty, will be confronted."

Mr. Hobson in the course of his article stated that popular control of government seems impractical so long as economic oligarchy keeps its hands on the levers of party and the organs of public opinion. "But popular control of government is necessary in order to dislodge the economic oligarchy, and to secure the means of liberating, informing and organizing public opinion. In order to break this vicious circle the peoples must conduct a simultaneous attack upon the political, economic and spiritual positions. For only so can the will of the peoples prevail and the word be made a safe or even a possibe place for democracy."

"HEAR YE! HEAR YE!"

A group of Pacific Coast pastors and other ordained workers in one of the leading denominations have been consulting of late as to how they can spiritualize their churches. This in view of the mighty problems with which the nation will be faced immediately after the war. The need for spiritualizing is immense. The church does not seem to be awake to its opportunities and obligations.

We say this deliberately, after giving due weight to the great contribution the church is making for the winning of the war.

But how shall the spiritualizing be brought about, and what is spirituality? This is a question that needs to be answered before starting on any process. Otherwise the movement is pretty sure to come to naught.

Centuries ago, a man of God, an Israelite, when urged to go into the temple replied, "Who is there that being such as I should go into the temple to save his life?" And Nehemiah, that Old Testament hero, the man referred to, refused to go into the temple at that particuar time.

Now, here today, here in San Francisco, we find the pastor of the Mission Congregational Church forsaking his pulpit, at least for a time, (we hope most earnestly that it is only temporary, for the Church needs such men in the pulpit) putting on overalls and seeking and securing a job in the ship yards; and after a few weeks' experience in the work down there among the toilers—in addition to the message from him to the churches in The Pacific two weeks ago—we get this in one of the daily papers:

"Standing room in a pulpit used to be a sort of reserved seat for heaven—a bench in the shipyards is the front row today. That's why I'm here."

"The day has passed when we can put our souls in cold storage on week days and take them out holidays for decorative purposes. The war has taught us that religion must work into the fabric of every day life or it must go. It has called us from the mountain tops of meditation down to the plains where men grow the crops to feed their fellows."

Not many weeks ago we heard another pastor berating people because they were not in the church pews on Sunday. That is where the people should be, but bewailing their absence and berating them will not get them there.

Whether they are gotten into the pews and kept there depends ultimately upon what the men in the pulpit give them. Nothing but the gospel of Jesus Christ will do it. And the time has come for the men of the pulpit to tell the men of the pews, the men now in the pews, that the gospel is something different from what many of them have interpreted it as being.

It was this gospel, the living of it, that sent the Man of Nazareth to Calvary. Before that day, it was this gospel in the heart of Christ that led him, though existing then in the form of God and having glory with the Father, not to count all this as something to be held on to but to be surrendered for the good of humanity. He came to earth accordingly as a servant, and became obedient even unto death on the cross. Read those words again! "As a servant." Would that men all over our land could be brought to realize what the word servant means and to what the Master is calling them!

Hear Mr. Isaac again, or more even than that hear the voice of God speaking in and through him:

"This grim world of steel and iron has its creeds. It has a workday religion that acts rather than talks. Religion is the same as ever, but our ideas of it are expanding. We need God, but we must have a robust, broad minded divinity. We need Heaven, but it must be the heaven of the here and now, where the workmen as well as the capitalists have a chance to sit on a golden throne."

O men of the churches, both ministers and laymen, will you not hear and answer to the call? Years ago Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "What is the scholar, what is the man for but for hospitality to every new thought of his time? Have you leisure, power, property, friends? you shall be the asylum and patron of every new thought, every unproven opinion, every untried project, which proceeds out of good will and honest seeking. All the newspapers, all the tongues of today will of course at first defame what is noble; but you who hold not of today, not of the Times, but of the Everlasting, are to stand for it; and the highest compliment man ever receives from heaven is the sending to him its disguised and discredited angels."

In the words of one of our poets, James Buckham, a man now influencing us and co-operating with us, from the other plane of existence:

"Move to the fore,
Men whom God hath made fit for the fray.
Not yours to shrink, as the feeble ones may,
Not yours to parley and quibble and shirk,
Ill for the world if ye do not God's work.
Move to the fore!

* * * * *

"Move to the fore!
God himself waits and must wait, till thou come.
Men are God's prophets, though ages lie dumb.
Halts the Christ-kingdom, with conquest so near?
Thou art the cause, then, thou man at the rear.
Move to the fore!"

He is a wise man who knows when not to do as he pleases.

"COME! . . . . GO!"

The Editor of The Pacific remembers that when he was a pastor, twenty-five years ago, he wrote a sermon on "The Importance of the Services of the Sanctuary." If memory serves aright the text was either "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the House of the Lord"; or it was, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is."

All that was said twenty-five years ago in the effort to lead people to regular attendance on the services of the sanctuary could be said with the same sincerity with which it was said then. But let it never be forgotten that Jesus said "Come" in order that he might also say "Go." And forever abide those apostolic words, "These things ye ought to have done and not to have left the others undone." Let it be remembered also that Jesus counseled the disciples to tarry at Jerusalem only until they had been endued with power from on high.

We are hoping that the effort which many pastors now have in mind to gather their people together as never before not only for the hearing of the Word but also for the study of it in groups here and there will be crowned with success. It will not be a success if among the resultant things there is not something which partakes practically of the sentiment in the poem by Tagore:

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking the stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

"Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our Master himself has joyfully taken upon Him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all forever.

"Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet Him and stand by Him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

"Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be clothed with power from on high."

HELPING OR HINDERING.

Every man helps or hinders. Each of us is a lifter or a leaner; a worker or a shirker.

No man is so devoid of personal influence but he makes it difficult for others to live well or encourage his brother by speech and conduct; a knocker or promoter.

The words below typify the spirit of genuine helpfulness. Few who read them can locate them in the Bible, but they are there, and are in a record of the first labor union ever organized.

"They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.' So the Carpenter encouraged the Goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying, 'It is ready for the soldering.' "

Men become stumbling blocks to progress by open defection and deliberate transgression, but chiefly through neglect, carelessness and indifference to the call of the highest. What we do not do is our greatest indictment.

The refusal to do our full duty can frame a strong denial of the eternal verities, and make us infidel to the Christian imperative, no matter what we say. On the other hand, our diligence and fidelity in the humblest tasks construes an eloquent appeal, an irresistible invitation.

Standing at the dividing of the ways, let every man of us be a sign-board pointing straight in one direction—to Him who taketh away the sin of the world. Speech, behavior, social life, and every business transaction, will carry the evangel, and make the most obscure man a **helper.**

C. L. K.

ANOTHER NOTABLE BOOK.

The mental horizon for most of us has to a large extent shut down heavily to the clouded front of the war. We are grateful to anyone who can remind us that wider horizons still are ours, and will presently reappear in lucid light, stirring our thought and hope to new enlargements of spirit. Dr. James Denney of Glasgow has assuredly done us this service by his great work on The Reconciliation, published since his death. George Adam Smith pronounces Dr. Denney Scotland's greatest theologian in this generation, and this work will probably remain his largest achievement. It was a labor of love on his part. The theme is the old one of the atonement—one in which he delighted—and he treats it with a fulness and eager sympathy that will make the book eminent in its field for years to come.

We do not deny that few in our country will read his book, or that Dr. Denney's is a voice out of a generation that has passed away Most of us are thinking too intently of other things to pay much heed to his message. Some of us will make the mistake and do ourselves the wrong of thinking that it no longer has interest for us—that it is out of date for modern thought as the stage-coach is for transportation.

It would only need for one to read the first chapter, on the human experience of reconciliation, to realize the deathless interest that surrounds the theme, and to see the soaring lines of eternal reality taking shape before one's eyes in a great structure of human need and aspiration. The chances are that we have forgotten how inexhaustibly vital a theme it is. We have come to think of it as a field for theological disputation, an arid region of doctrinal refinements too subtle for our practical age, and have forgotten that it has to do with the oldest and most familiar struggles of the human spirit, in all lands and ages.

The bitter pessimism that darkened the closing years of Mark Twain sprang from the same jarring discord with callous fate that the pagan world knew so well before the days of Christ. Men are out of joint with their environment—within and without there is misadjustment that leads to destructive and cruel friction. The fever of uneasiness and discontent saps the joy of life for many of the most sensitive spirits in Chicago or Tokio today, as it did in Thebes or Jerusalem long ago. How can one be reconciled to life, in sun or shade, so as to meet it with a song instead of sullen resignation How can one be set free from that clinging consciousness of "wrongness" of which Prof. James speaks, and find oneself in friendly harmony with himself, the unpitying world, and a reproving God? It is a mere matter of fact—of commonplace practical observation—that multitudes have found the answer in Jesus. The reconciliation, all along the line, somehow actually comes through him. As he said to dulled peasants long ago, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," so men by thousands have been finding it true in these last days of war and brutal suffering.

To read this first chapter, to think again of all this world of human sorrow and perplexity, of search and finding and the joy of peace in the storm, and of how the central figure of Jesus stands forth as the great reconciler, is to get a fresh vision of realities high and lifted up, that revive the soul. If any had thought they had no special gospel to preach, here is a living gospel at their hand. Not narrow, or creedally confined, but broad as human pain and joy, practical as human life, and wonderful as the thought of God. Still to listening ears, in any city of Christendom, it comes gratefully as rain upon mown grass. He will be a strange minister who will not get from this first chapter at least one sermon for which his people will thank God and take courage.

Alas that one should have to plunge from the plain high-road of this opening chapter into the devious labyrinth of the second, a resume of the human doctrines of the reconciliation. How crass, presumptuous, mechanical and vain for the most part they seem! The pleasant air of reality has gone, and in its place are sophistication and unreality, that somehow ever elude one's understanding.

The discussion that follows is scholarly and modern, and full of trenchant discriminations that challenge thought and often command approval. But through it all there runs, like the special pleading of a confessed advocate, the old argument for an objective atonement, in the sense that it effected a change in the attitude of God apart from anything that it accomplished in the sinner. Again and again and again the old sense of unreality returns upon one, till we wonder where in our generation any thoughtful response is to be found to that venerable contention, save with those to whom it has been as a part of their intellectual environment from childhood.

And so although it is a notable book, few would say with Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh,that it is wholly satisfying. It is fruitfully suggestive and rewarding. It plows up old fields of thought that have too long lain under grass or stubble. It makes great truths emerge again out of the haze. And best of all, it leaves outstanding one supreme figure of him who is the great Reconciler for our human family, who turns the heart of the children to the Father, and even brother to brother. He it is who is our peace.

H. K.

JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES.

According to the last American Jewish Year Book there are more than three million three hundred thousand Jews in the United States. New York City alone has 1,500,000. In that city there are 2,200 congregations, 180 religious schools with 41,403 pupils, exclusive of about 14,000 who attend private schools. It has over 100 recreational and cultural agencies, more than 1,000 mutual aid societies, 965 lodges, 193 eceonomics agencies, and 164 philanthropic and correctional agencies.

The New Year Book gives a list of nine cities, exclusive of New York City, containing an aggregate of over 9,200,000 inhabitants, of which 900,000 are Jews. The cities in order of population are:

Chicago 225,000, PPhiladelphia 200,000, Cleveland 100,000, Boston 77,500, St. Louis 60,000, Baltimore 60,000, Pittsburgh 60,000, Newark 55,000, Detroit 50,000.

New York City is not percentage-wise the most Jewish city. Chelsea, Mass., has a general population of 4 ,000, and contains 13,000 Jews, or a Jewish population of 28 per cent. Rosenhayn, N. J., has a general population of 600, and contains 300 Jews, or a Jewish population of 50 per cent, while Carmel N. J., has a general population of 750, and contains 450 Jews, or a Jewish population of 60 per cent. Woodbine, N. J., is practically entirely Jewish in population.

A FIVE YEAR SURVEY.

By George W. Hinman.

A study of the benevolences of the Congregational churches in the four Pacific Coast Conferences for the five-year period 1913-17 brings out the fact that the first year of the Great War showed a marked falling off in giving from the standards of 1913, and that the churches have not yet generally come up to the amounts raised that year in their contributions to most of our missionary societies. Offerings from the churches for Home Missions in 1917 show a decrease below the average for the five-year period in all the conferences except Southern California, and for the American Board in all the conferences except Washington. For the American Missionary Association, however, there was an increase, in all four of the conferences, above the average for the five-year period, making a total increase of 8% in 1917 above the average amount received from the four conferences each year from 1913 to 1917. The American Board, by a large increase in Washington, brought its total contributions in 1917 from the churches of the four conferences up to the average annual contributions since 1913. The total giving of the churches of the four conferences to state home missions in 1917 was 3% below the average for the five-year period.

The uniform increase in the total giving to the American Missionary Association is especially gratifying in view of the fact that the American Board and Home Missions were in some of the conferences receiving more than their proportion of the gifts of the churches. The American Board received 15% in Northern California, 33% in Oregon and 41% in Washington more than the amount it would have received if all churches had divided their gifts according to the state apportionment. The state home missionary work received 35% in Oregon and 102% in Washington more than the proportionate amount of the gifts of the churches, according to the apportionment percentages of those states. It is most encouraging to find the readjustment steadily going on by which the churches are coming to assign the proper proportion of their giving to the work of the American Missionary Association. Percentages for A. M. A. work determined by State Apportionment Committees vary considerably, but are gradually approaching the national standard in all the conferences. The actual giving of the churches is coming closer each year to the percentage assigned by the state committee.

PRAISE FOR THE INDIANS.

A Camp Dix correspondent writes: Barely two generations removed from redskins of the plains, yet prizing civilization so highly that they have volunteered to fight that its benefits may be vouchsafed to all the world, full-blooded Indians from a dozen great tribes are to-day among the most enthusiastic and loyal soldiers training at Camp Dix. Bringing all their native cunning as scouts, their skill as riflemen and their hardihood in campaigning into the army, officers are finding them an invaluable addition to the Thirty-fourth or "Sandstorm" Division.

It is a strange coincidence of history that these braves are now training under the very commanders whom their ancestors, in many instances, fought during the Indian wars. Major-Gen. Hugh L. Scott, whose fame as an adjuster of Indian troubles is known to every American schoolboy, is the commander of the camp, and Brig.-Gen. John A. Johnston, commander of their division, saw his first military

service in some of the most famous of the Indian campaigns. Both of these officers are proud of the records the redskin soldiers are making and predict splendid returns from their work at the battle front.

Sergeant Daniel Goodman, better known as "Chief" Goodman of the 136th Infantry, speaks for every Indian in the division when he says:

"Indian soldiers, especially those who have been educated in American schools and have learned American ideals, are proud to be permitted to have a part in this war to help sustain those ideals. The saddest men I have seen are those Indians who failed to pass the physical tests and were rejected for army service."

Chief Goodman, himself a Chippewa, was one of the greatest of Indian football players and was former major of the student battalion at the Flandrau Indian School. Just how valuable the army is finding these Indian students is shown by the fact that every member of the school now in the 136th Infantry has won promotion to a non-commissioned officer and several are aspiring to enter officers' training camps.

In the recent elimination contest to decide the best soldier in the division in the manual of arms drill, it was an Indian, Private John Old Crow, who won over all competitors until he reached the finals and then lost out on the merest technicality to his white rival. His work was the more remarkable for the reason that he could not understand a word of English except the military commands.

The Indians are among the leaders in target work in a division which holds the national record for range marksmanship.

ANOTHER COMMENT ON ROCKEFELLER'S "CHURCH OF THE FUTURE."

(Several times recently The Pacific has quoted from The Christian Work comments on the article by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on "The Church of the Future." What we give this week is by Vida D. Scudder, a woman of prominence in literary and religious circles.—Editor.)

The noble sincerity of Mr. Rockefellers's appeal is refreshing, and his vision of a united Church in which the dynamic of Christianity shall be released for the salvation of the world is that to which all religious instincts now passionately aspire. His picture is beautiful, but is it complete? "Woe unto you when men shall speak well of you" say the Scriptures. "In the early days of our religion it was dangerous to become a Christian," writes the Bishop of Oxford, "and men who embarked together on the great adventure were ready to make sacrifices for one another." Mr. Rockefeller's subordination of form to spirit, his substitution of voluntary for obligatory obedience to Christian ordinances, is interesting and valuable, but in itself it would carry us only a little way. Christianity is not a religion of sweet reasonableness and brotherly affection alone, it is the religion of the Cross. Nothing is more clearly revealed by the tremendous experience through which the world is passing than the fact that only the revival of daring, of adventure into new trails, of sacrifice, can give power to the Christian Church.

People everywhere are saying that a new world-order must result from our awful lesson, and it has become a commonplace to recognize that this order will be initiated in one of two ways—by revolution from below, as in Russia, or by voluntary action on the part of the upper classes, stripping themselves of privilege in the name of fellowship. If the new order comes by revolution, or even by the slow wresting of power from reluctant men or corporations, it is not likely to be any more satisfactory than the old. If it comes from the other direction it may mean an approach to the kingdom of heaven on earth. We want to see whole nations obedient alike in their international relations and in their internal economic constitution, to the law of Christ. This means the development of a new welt-politik. It also means that the propertied and privileged classes must lay aside their property and privilege and the dear prerogative of power. That they will do this willingly as a class seems highly improbable; history has witnessed no such spectacle. But that the Church should hold before them, at least as a Counsel of Perfection, their duty and their opportunity, that she should enjoin this duty on all her own members and should discipline them if they reject it, is not unthinkable. A fine statement of the case is found in a recent book by Dr. Orchard: "Christ expected that His followers would start constructing an order of society on quite different lines to that which prevailed among the nations, a society where there would be no lording it over others, but only a struggle for the bottom place and an ambition to do the most humble tasks. Is it possible to work out what that would mean as an actual society, and to take steps toward estalishing it?"

Only if the Church answers Yes can she fulfill her Master's will. Thus and only thus can she draw to herself the alienated masses. These masses will never be reached by any evangelical methods while the men who practise or finance such methods continue to draw their resources without compunction from an economic system largely discredited to liberal thought. The working classes are as convinced as Matthew Arnold that the social inequalities resulting from the wage system as it stands destroy the higher values of civilization. Being plain folk, they are sure that such inequalities could not be happily used as a source of profit by those who follow Christ. They believe with Mr. Rauschenbusch, that only as the Church and all other organizations, governments and classes "give up monopoly power and come under the law of Christ" shall they reach salvation.

In so feeling, they are at one with primitive Christianity. "It was largely because the Church appeared as a society for making the welfare of all its members its controlling principle in the acquisition and distribution of wealth that it made the great progress which history records in the world of the Roman Empire," says a report to the Convocation of Canterbury in 1907. "So destructive a passion is avarice that to grow rich without injustice is impossible. Because God in the beginning made not one man rich and another poor—nor did He show to one treasures of gold and silver and deny to others the right of searching for it, but He left the earth free to all alike," says St. Chrystostom with his usual alarming directness. "Thou dost not give to the poor what is thine own, thou restoreth to him what is his," says St. Ambrose. "Imitate God's equity and none shall be poor," says the Preaching of Peter.

The modern Church quite often sounds the same note: "There will be in the Christian society no governed or governing classes," said that eminently sane man, Canon Barnet, and quotations might be multiplied for pages. But if the note is sounded , it is not today enforced. Yet only a revival of primitive Christianity with a stress which penetrates to the roots of modern economic relationships can afford what Christians begin clamorously to desire—a chance for sacrifice in times of peace heroic as that in times of war. A perfectly practicable scheme for such sacrifice has recently been issued by the Interdenominational Conference of Social Service Unions in Great Britain comprising Baptists, Catholics, Anglicans, Congregationalists, Methodists and various other communions. The scheme goes some distance though not all the way on the lines of

the much-discussed program of the Committee of the British Labor Party. On some such lines as these must be formed the united Church of the future. It will be a Church which through the practical demonstration of sacrificial love in the economical and industrial order shall exert a compelling power over the hearts of men. Only such a Church—an equal brotherhood of those who have surrendered power asd possessions to the common life—can fulfill the ideal of Mr. Rockefeller; only such a Church can be the soul of the new democracy for which we pray.

THE VISION SPLENDID.

Here—or hereafter you shall see it ended,
This mighty work to which your souls are set;
If from beyond—then, with the vision splendid,
You shall smile back and never know regret.

Be this your vision!—through you, Life transfigured,
Uplift, redeemed from its forlorn estate,
Purged of the stains which once its soul disfigured,
Healded and restored, and wholly consecrate.

Christ's own rich blood, for healing of the nations,
Poured through his heart the message of reprieve;
God's holy martyrs built on his foundations,
Built with their lives and died that Life might life.

Now, in their train, your blood shall bring like healing;
You, like the saints, have freely given your all,
And your high deaths, God's purposes revealing,
Sound through the earth his mighty clarion call.

Oh, not in vain has been your great endeavor;
For, by your dyings, Life is born again,
And greater love hath no man tokened ever,
Than with his life to purchase life's high gain.

——John Oxenham.

THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots o' music in 'em, the hymns of long ago;
An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know,
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by,
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye."

There's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em singing—singing, where memory dreaming stands
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways;
And I want to her their music from the old-time meetin's rise,
Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."

We hardly needed singin' books in them old days; we knew
The words, the lines of every one, the dear old hymn book through!
We had no blaring trumpets then, no organs built for show;
We only sang to praise the Lord, "from whom all blessings flow."

THE REVEREND DR. WALTER FREAR.

Observations by "Observer."

Away back in the early eighties when the Observer was not as well acquainted with California as he is today, he met a stranger at the Ministers' Meeting then convening at the office of The Pacific at 7 Montgomery Avenue. Greatly impressed with the face of this man who was to him a new comer, he wondered who he was and whence he came. What it was that gave the impression, he never was able to fully explain, but there was a light in the face that spoke serenity within and he felt that he would like to cultivate the acquaintance of this seeming stranger. The brethren seemed to know him and know him well. They greeted him in a somewhat familiar way and presently they called him Walter Frear. Soon the Observer learned he was an old Californian, that he had served several churches in the state, had some years before been called to Honolulu, and after a decade there was returning to San Francisco with his family to make his home somewhere about the bay. From that time the acquaintance of this brother has been cultivated, and now that he has reached fourscore and ten years, the celebration of which was held in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, a few weeks ago, the Observer wants for the benefit of the readers of The Pacific to call attention to this worthy father in Israel whose life has been so exemplary and whose works have been so abundant. He was born of good Huguenot stock in the state of New York, and when in 1855 he was about to graduate from Yale Divinity School, the Home Missionary Secretary selected him and Martin Kellogg, afterward President of the University of California, to try their gifts on the faraway Pacific Coast. He was given a cordial greeting by the few brethren on these shores—among whom was our beloved Dr. Pond—and was sent to Iowa Hill, a small mining community not far from the present town of Colfax. The Independent Church there was in its beginnings, but not destined for large growth, for soon the camp collapsed and the young pastor had to seek other pastures. Fortunately a New School Presbyterian Church had been established in Placerville and there it may be said his first solid work began. There it was he found the charming girl, whose influences were already being deeply realized, when he wrote the historic letter to the Home Missionary Society magnifying the women of California. He remained there five years, but before his departure a beautiful daughter had come to his home, now known to many of us as Mrs. Woodward. So proud was this young husband and father of his rich findings in California that he naturally wanted "the old folks at home" to see his possessions. The presbytery probably realizing this and knowing his eminent fitness made him Commissioner of the General Assembly at Syracuse. Forthwith father, mother and daughter took passage for Panama, and in due time reached New York, attended the Assembly, visited the old homestead, and much to the joy of his California brethren returned to spend his life on these western shores. Grass Valley was ready for him and there he spent two years. Then Santa Cruz claimed him and for seven years he labored in that seaside city, and gave to the people able sermons, well thought-out, admirably expressed, and delivered with a sincerity and force which told for good in the lives of old and young. In the midst of these delightful days, a voice came to him from across the waters. Honolulu was looking for just such a man and early in the seventies he and his family sailed for the mid-Pacific city and there spent eleven most helpful and useful years. His labors were characterized by great industry, more than ordinary sagacity, evangelical preaching and the old-time pastoral care—somewhat neglected by our modern ministers. Somewhat exhausted at one time by

strict attention to his one great work, the church sent him back to his Alma Mater where he attended his class anniversary, an occasion always enjoyed by those graduates able to return. Once more in Honolulu, he resumed his labors until 1881, when he returned to California to make his home here for the remaining years of life. As may be supposed he was not long idle. Second Church, Oakland, needed a man. And who better could serve than this brother of wide reading, able sermonizing and rich experience? He yielded to their entreaty, entered with his usual devotion into the work and for four years ministered most acceptably to this people, somewhat discouraged though they were because of the changing population in what was then known as West Oakland. (Since then the building has been removed, and finally sold, the membership finding a home in other churches.) This was Dr. Frear's last charge, but not his final work. Settling in East Oakland and casting his lot with Pilgrim Church he has for thirty years been a large factor in its life. Always faithful in attendance, his presence has been an inspiration to the pastor, and his counsel and financial aid have been inspiriting to the congregation. Broad in his sympathies and not willing to be idle if there was need of his helping hand, he accepted on request the duties of the State Secretaryship for the C. C. B. S., and was successful in disposing of one or more abandoned churches, and took pleasure in signing applications for new edifices. Soon after the American Board sought him for its agency on the Pacific Coast. The functions of such a representative were not as extensive as they are today, neither indeed the salary; but what was laid upon him was carried with great earnestness and wisdom and unsparing industry. After twelve years of unselfish devotion he sought relief, believing the time had come for the leisure to which so many years of untiring labors had entitled him. But he could not rest without some care for the work, and so his watchful attention has been given to our Ministerial Relief Society. He has faithfully guarded its funds, wisely invested its legacies and sought to disperse its income so that the largest number possible might be cheered with its benefactions. We wonder sometimes upon whose shoulders this can fall so that equally efficient services may be rendered thereto.

Dr. and Mrs. Frear have had six children. One son has already passed on. The oldest son is now Naval Architect at the Bethlehem Works, the highest position of the kind under the U. S. Government. The second, one time Chief Justice in Honolulu, afterwards Governor of the Islands, now resides in the Paradise of the Pacific and is one of the influential members of the community as well as of the Union Church presided over by Rev. A. W. Palmer. His oldest daughter has already been mentioned. His youngest is the wife of Prof. Burke, President of S. F. State Normal School, while the third remains at home, carefully and lovingly administering to the aged parents, of whom the whole family is so rightfully proud.

What history has been developed since the coming of this young man in 1855 to California! Then how few the inhabitants of this western state, now more than two million and a quarter. Then so few cities, now San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Sacramento, San Jose, Los Angeles, San Diego, Then no railroads, now they gridiron the state. Then no overland trains, now five or more cross the continent. Then no colleges, now several with the great State University attended by more than 5,000 students. Then Congregational churches could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Now 134 in No. California, 112 in So. California. Then Congregational ministers were scarcely enough for an association, now 171 in the north, 206 in the south. Then no School of the Prophets, now the Pacific School of Religion founded by Congregationalists with money from west and east donated for the same.

But this article, delightful as the writing thereof is, must be brought to a close, and how better than a word concerning the recent celebration by Pilgrim Church of the 90th birthday of this beloved brother. The Observer was there and entered most heartily into the festivities. He was pleased to note not only the fourscore and ten years of Dr. Frear, but the delightful companionship which for so many years has been granted him and his excellent wife. What a record this! Fully half a century or more of the highest of earthly unions. We join with the many friends in hearty rejoicing and extend to both our warmest congratulations. It was indeed a delight to hear this man of ninety years with mind clear, and strength firm, exalt the divine life, magnify the Gospel of our Lord, rejoice in the peace that was his, and look forward to an inheritance that fadeth not away. May his journey be extended to round out a full century and his entrance into the beyond be in harmony with a life so full of faith and wisdom and service for humanity! OBSERVER.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Congregational Headquarters are now on the fourth floor of the Phelan Building, 760 Market street—rooms 417 to 427 inclusive.

Secretary Kelsey of the American Board goes to the Pacific Northwest the latter part of this week and thence East to the annual meeting of the Board.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society left Tuesday night for Spokane. He returns in about two weeks and then goes to Southern California, and will be engaged most of the time for a month in field work.

Secretary Kelsey of the American Board has prepared a most excellent little pamphlet on "The Every Member Drive." It is for the preparation of canvassers. In brief and pointed ways it gives what is needed and will undoubtedly prove of high value. It has been prepared and printed for the Pacific Coast and Mountain Districts.

The Rev. F. A. Bissell has accepted a call from the church at Soquel and will enter on the work the first Sunday in October. Mr. Bissell has been at San Lorenzo for ten years and has been a most faithful worker there and in the fellowship hereabout. We know of no one who would be more missed by his brethren about the Bay than Mr. Bissell, and the best of wishes go with him as he departs to enter on the work at Soquel.

There will be no meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday. As usual for several years the meeting was adjourned until the following Monday so that the ministers might attend the opening of the Pacific School of Religion on next Monday, September 30. At that opening Professor Bade will speak on "The Bible and Democracy." At the meeting of the ministers on Monday, October 7, Dr. Stauffer will speak on a topic in futherance of a movement to bring about a spiritual revival in our churches.

The church at Fresno has voted to give the Rev. T. T. Giffen leave of absence for the period of the war. Mr. Giffen had temporary leave of absence for Y. M. C. A. work at the Naval Training Camp at San Diego. After serving as Building Secretary for a time he was asked to become Camp General Secretary for Kearny and other camps in the vicinity of San Diego. This led him to send to his church

his resignation as pastor, which the church voted not to accept. Associated with Mr. Giffen in the work in and near San Diego, are the Revs. A. S. Donat, C. C. Champlin, F. L. Cooper and H. B. Mowbray. The Rev. Roy H. Campbell is now District Religious Work Director.

The first number of The Pacific as a monthly will be issued on the 17th of October. Let us have a good lot of church news—sent in so far as possible so as to reach Berkeley by the Saturday before. But short items received as late as Tuesday, October 15, will be used. We are requested by the directors to state that any persons requesting it will have their money refunded. No persons whose names have been secured this month and who paid in advance will be counted as subscribers until they have been written to and have expressed a willingness to receive the monthly instead of the weekly. Old subscribers, as already stated, can have their money on request, if they have paid in advance. Those in arrearage will be expected to pay arrearages up to October 1st at the rate of $1.50 for the year. Now finally, mark it—The Pacific will be satisfying as a monthly! It will be an interesting, readable, valuable publication.

WHERE MAIL FOR THE PACIFIC SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

All letters for The Pacific, unless otherwise specially ordered, should be addressed to 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley. The editor and manager will be at the printing office in San Francisco only occasionally hereafter —save one day each month.

EAST BAY CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

The Church Extension Society of the Congregational churches in Alameda county met in First Church, Alameda, Thursday evening of last week and had one of the best gatherings in recent years. Dinner was served by the ladies of the Alameda church and splendid hospitality extended in every way by Mr. Mears, the pastor, and his church people.

Dr. Van Horn presided and spoke, in way of introduction, of our fellowship as one of shreds and scraps for some time, and of the need occasionally of such a gathering as that one had proved to be. Brief report was made by him of the work by the Extension Society the year past—the helping hand having been reached out in several ways.

Justice Wilbur, of the Supreme Court, gave an inspiring address based on the experiences of this war time, and showed the importance of the training of the young in Sunday-school and otherwise, and the need for keeping the home-fires burning.

Secretary C. R. Fisher of the State Sunday School Society, linked with the International Sunday School Society, referred to the increse in juvenile delinquency even in the classic city of Berkeley, and in a variety of ways made a strong plea for Sunday-school work and workers. Secretary Fisher spoke of the adult Bible class as "a marvelous institution"—in view of what a large number of them are accomplishing.

Secretary Kelsey, of the American Board, presented graphically the drive soon to be made for adequate support of Congregational missionary enterprises; also the Mission Study plans for the year—indicating how great things would be accomplished for the world if the men and women of the churches came to a realization of the wonderful opportunity and measured up to it.

Dr. Stauffer of First Church, San Francisco, emphasized all that the other speakers had said, and made all present realize that they faced a great day for California, for America, and for the world.

The following named persons were added to the Society's committee: Revs. R. C. Brooks, C. L. Kloss, C. F. Clarke, and Messrs. G. D.Edwards, H. M. Taylor and Professor Babcock.

With the prefixing of one letter to one word and the change of the tense of another, The Pacific can say in the words of Dr. Van Horn that night—It was good to be there! And as he did then, so now The Pacific does—expresses the hope that at least once a year the Congregational forces may thus get together.

LOS ANGELES NOTES.

By James D. Eaton.

The Civic Forum at the First Church last week reached high water mark, with a very informing address by David Starr Jordan on "The Schemes of Pan-Germany"; and the auditorium was not large enough for all who tried to get in. When the chairman, Dr. Willard, to the surprise of every one announced that the hour allotted to the speaker had elapsed, and invited questions from the floor, a gentleman in the gallery expressed the wish that Dr. Jordan might continue for thirty minutes more. This was seconded by a great show of hands, and the chancellor was thus enabled to go further into interesting details, in all showing himself to be thoroughly familiar with his subject. When he was asked to explain his earlier attitude of oppostion to the entrance of the United States into the war, he declared frankly that he did not at that time know what he had learned since, and that "President Wilson was right." He won all hearts by this prompt and manly answer.

Rev. J. C. Nava, who was for some years in charge of our Mexican work in Bakersfield, but who has recently been employed in this city, was active in preparing a special illustrated edition of "La Prenza" to commemorate the 108th anniversary of Mexican Independence. On the front page are shown excellent portraits of President Wilson and President Carranza, with a background of the flags of their respective countries in the familiar colors. One of the articles is a "Greeting" from the editor of "The Times" who closes with the following: "While American citizens of Mexican blood do well to remember their own torn and bleeding land, 'The Times' doubts not their patriotism and loyalty to the land of their adoption. The Spanish press of America and of Mexico can do much toward maintaining between the two countries that amity so essential to the happy intercourse of neighbor nations, and in inculcating the principles of justice and right, the foundation stones of every true republic." The committee on program, of which Mr. Nava was chairman, carried out extensive celebrations on both the 15th and the 16th inst., including a civic procession on the downtown streets with music and symbolic floats, in which thousands of Mexicans took part; and all along the route they were loudly applauded by the friendly and enthusiastic onlookers. Mr. Neva has just moved to Santa Ana, to serve as pastor of the Mexican M. E. Church.

A novel method for imparting information to one of our smaller woman's missionary societies, in regard to the work of Southern California Conference, was employed last Thursday at the first autumn meeting of the society of the

Mayflower Church, under the caption of "A Visit to Headquarters." The scene was laid in the offices on South Hope St., "Miss Bundy," (impersonated by one of the members), being found very busy with papers, books, letters and telephone calls, only to be interrupted repeatedly by lady visitors, (other members), who desired information about certain pastors, their work, salaries and relation to the Conference. In this familiar manner of a dialogue was fully discussed the work of the Kern County Circuit, that of the Alpine Circuit, the Hollywood Church, (which was a "short term responsibility") the Mayflower Church, (a "long term responsibility") the methods for collecting funds, (it being explained to one of the questioners that there is no "fund in bank to draw on"), and the substantial help given by women's societies, Sunday-schools and C. E. societies. When the work of Mr. Peebles was mentioned, and the singing by himself and his gifted wife of gospel hymns to lonely shut-ins, a victrola gave forth the sweet notes and the moving words of "In the Garden," which they so beautifully render. At the close of the hour one of the new members in expressing her enjoyment of the meeting rmarked: "If some one had come to tell us all these things, it would have seemed so dry. But this has been full of interest; and we know about it all so much better than we did!" In succeeding meetings, according to the program, information will be given in regard to the "permanent responsibilities", viz., the Armenian, the Chinese and the Mexican work. Rev. E. Ernestus Haring, chaplain at the County Hospital, has accepted the invitation of this church to serve as its pastor, preaching on Sunday and directing its activities during the week; and he will soon occupy the parsonage, as this is fortunately very near the hospital

THE WORK AT SAN JOSE.

The minister and his family spent July on the heights at Mt. Hermon. During the month Mr. King gave one of his social hygiene lectures at the Sacramento C. E. State Convention. During July there were no preaching services at the church. In August morning preaching was resumed.

Since vacation the minister has given his stereopticon lectures, "The Man of Galilee" and "Crusaders for Democracy," at Camp Fremont, and has spoken before the Congregational Ministers' Union in San Francisco on "Social Hygiene," and also before the Rotary Club of San Jose. The church opened its doors Aug. 29th to the War Service League and exhibited the War Department's film, "Fit to Fight," to a selected group of men including the chief of police, leading business and professional men, and educators.

Work among the young people for the season is just beginning. A Congregational Young People's War-Time League is being organized and a part of its work will be the entertaining of soldiers from Camp Fremont on Saturday nights.

The San Jose church has lost several families recently by removal, leaving the church considerably weaker. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. T. Tuthill and family have gone to Saratoga. Mr. Tuthill has been very prominent here for 14 years. He is now manager of the Garden City Branch Bank of Saratoga. The Saratoga church will gain much in having this family in their fellowship. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Reed and family have gone back to Berkeley. They have been of great help in the San Jose church and are much missed. Lieutenant Robert N. Hoyt and mother have left the city on account of the war. Some of the most active young women in the young people's work have taken positions elsewhere. The service flag carries 31 stars, showing the absence of a splendid group of young men. The church is endeavoring to adjust itself to the situation, however, and like so many other churches these days will do its best to "carry on."

RECEPTION TO THE NEW PASTOR OF RICHMOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

On the evening of September 19th there was a large assemblage of the members and friends of the Richmond Congregational Church to give a reception to their new pastor, Rev. C. N. Thomas and his wife.

The evening was delightfully spent in getting acquainted and listening to addresses and a fine literary and musical program under the efficient direction of the church organist, Mrs. Wohl. The former Indiana poet, Richard Lew Dawson, was present and recited one of his characteristic poetic sketches long known to readers and teachers.

Rev. Morgan Isaac of the Mission Congregational Church and Rev. Mr. Howe of the 21st Ave. Baptist Church spoke and gave the new pastor a hearty welcome to the city and to Church work in this field.

Light refreshments were served by the Ladies' Aid on which their President, Mrs. Johnson, is deserving of praise.

The Richmond Congregational Church has taken on a new lease of life; both Church and Sunday-school show already a substantial growth, and the outlook for the winter's work is most encouraging and hopeful. Mr. Thomas is a preacher of power, eloquence and inspirational personality, with unbounded energy and social quality as a pastor, and is rapidly awakening his people, to new activities and interest in religious life and good work in the community. Mrs. Thomas is proving herself the born pastor's wife and friend to all.

A large Red Cross chapter meets twice a week, Tuesday and Friday, in the lecture rooms of the church.

This church is one of the most attractive in the city, both in the auditorium and Sunday-school rooms. It is splendidly located in a good neighborhood of the substantial middle-class people, and the members are looking forward to a steady growth in membership and influence.

LONG BEACH.

The city of Long Beach is experiencing a new and unexampled growth. Prior to six months ago there was little beyond the normal rate of increase of population in a prosperous town, but now this condition is completely reversed Since January 1st, 750 houses have been built, of which 700 are now occupied, the remainder being held for sale. Apartment houses are full to overflowing; many families are living in tents ; not a few are thankful to be sheltered in a garage, while between 2,000 and 3,000 other families, it is said by the Chamber of Commerce, would come here quickly if there were housing accommodations for them.

The cause for this swift and unexpected development may be given in four words. Shipbuilding for the government.

Without attempting to summarize statistics, it may be said that in Long Beach and the adjacent towns of Wilmington and San Pedro (now a part of Los Angeles) there are five great newly-created shipyards employing nearly 16,000 men on this emergency work for the Nation. Of its continuance, U. S. Director Schwab is quoted as saying that it will certainly last five years, with strong assurance of permanence thereafter.

Manifestly, this startling influx of residents strongly effects all relations of urban life, mercantile, social and religious. Fortunate in the extreme was it that, when plans were being drawn five years ago for the Congregational

Church edifice, the trustees and the building committee were men of vision and breadth of purpose; yet they builded even better than they knew. It seemed to be, it was a great undertaking to erect a structure commodious, complete in its appointments and chastely beautiful in design, at an inevitably large expense.

The wisdom of such boldness has been abundantly justified. Congregations have steadily grown; the building debt is no longer a burden;; all the working forces of the church have been thoroughly organized and, best of all, a tender religious spirit broods over all the meetings and gatherings of the people.

"Rally Sunday" Sept. 15th, revealed the fact that the growth of membership during a twelve-month had been unusually large. Forty united in these bonds on that day, making with additions in the year a total of 212 and a net gain of 129. The existing membership is 754.

It is not surprising that all of the activities of this church are kept at white heat, for they are humanly vitalized by one who is surcharged with optimism, energy, intellectual and spiritual power, the Rev. Henry Kendall Booth. No pastor in the land has the interests of his people nearer to his heart and none, it is safe to say, is more beloved by his flock and esteemed by the community at large.

The establishment of a Civic Forum on Sunday evening, Sept. 22d, is the most recent feature in the Long Beach Church, with the pastor as director and the Washington Gladden Club in charge of arrangements. Community singing by the overflowing audience was the first number on the program, followed by Dr. David Starr Jordan who gave his masterful lecture on "The Schemes of Pan-Germany."

Transcending all others in popular interest has been the pastor's series of Sunday evening addresses, beginning July 7th, entitled "The Battle Line of Democracy." Illustrated by stereopticon slides, the pastor's vivid descriptions of countries and peoples and the portrayals of their wrongs have been realistic. The underlying lessons of the hour have also been strongly sketched, with the natural result of houses crowded to their utmost capacity and hundreds turned away for lack of seats. Some of these lectures were as follows:

July 7.—The Crucifixion of Belgium.
How Belgium Saved Europe in Its Extremity.
July 14.—II. The Renaissance of Italy.
Italy's Break With Germany—Her Struggle With Austria.
July 21.—III. The Cross and the Crescent.
Turkey and Germany—The Tragedy of Armenia—The English Campaign in the East.
July 28.—IV. The Deliverance of Jerusalem.
The Fifth Crusade—The Future of the Holy Land.
Aug. 4.—The Vassals of Germany.
Poland—Bohemia—Austria—The Leaven of Democracy at Work.
Aug. 11.—VI The Heroic Balkan States.
Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania—Their Brave Resistance to German Greed—Their Future.
Aug. 18,—VII. The Russia of tomorrow.
The Break Up of the Empire of the Czars—Chaos and Upheaval—The Future of Russia.

Strong souls within the present live,
The future veiled, the past forgot;
Grasping what is, with hands of steel,
They bend what shall be to their will;
And, blind alike to doubt and dread,
The End for which they are, fulfill.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF THE W. B. M. P. AND THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The annual meeting will be held this year in the First Church, San Francisco, Post and Mason streets, on Thursday, October 3rd; sessions at 10 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Luncheon, 25 cents

A most interesting program has been prepared by the Program Committee, Mrs. T. C. Edwards, chairman, and will include the following speakers: Dr. Byron Stauffer of the entertaining church, Dr. J. K. Browne of Turkey; Miss Edith Tallmon of Lintsing, China; Rev. A. B. Apra who is in charge of our Italian and Spanish work in San Francisco and Dr. C. L. Kloss of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

Being held in San Francisco this year, it is hoped that larger delegations than usual will attend the meeting from Santa Clara and Marin counties.

Beside the literature tables there will be a sort of a bazaar for the sale of missionary goods. This will be a good opportunity to do a little early Christmas shopping.

Remember the place and the day. Thursday, Oct. 3rd. at 10 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco.

The Methods Corner.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DO THINGS.

By Rev. E. A. King, San Jose.

Print This on Your Calendar.

I am the greatest criminal in history.

I have killed more men than have fallen in all the wars of the world.

I have turned men into brutes.

I have made millions of homes unhappy.

I have transformed many ambitious youths into hopeless parasites.

I make smooth the downward path for countless millions.

I destroy the weak and weaken the strong.

I make the wise man a fool and trample the fool into his folly.

I ensnare the innocent.

The abandoned wife knows me; the hungry children know me; the parents whose child has bowed their gray head in sorrow know me.

I have ruined millions and shall try to ruin millions more.

I AM ALCOHOL.

Have A Missionary Room In The Church.

Many churches have made large contributions to the missionary cause by fitting up a room in the church as a missionary education room. To this room the various classes go for instruction.

This plan is being tried out at Jackson, Michigan. In the account we have seen it says, "It is at the same time instructive, giving information about missionary work by eye-gate as well as ear-gate. A teacher who gives all her time to teaching mission study has charge of this room, and all the classes in turn come to it for special instruction in missions. Two or three times a year each class enjoys the privilege and it is eagerly waited for, the maps, curios, pictures, and books making it a most interesting place."

A Great Series of Prayer Meetings.

Rev. J. C. Garth, Willows, Cal.

"Weighing the Evidence and Rendering Decisions by a Judge."

"Responsibilities of a Citizen," by a City Attorney.
"Boosting for the Kingdom," by a Real Estate Dealer.
"Enforcing the Law," by a City Marshal.
"Compounding Interest," by a Banker.
"Co-operation of Church and School," by a High School Teacher.
"Things a Christian Should Read," by a Librarian.
"Can a Man Be a Christian in Business?" by a Business Man.
"What a Boy Expects of His Father." by Several Boys.
"What a Girl Expects of Her Mother," by Two Philatheas.
"The Value of a Clean Life." by a Doctor.
"Father and Mother in the Sunday School," by a Superintendent.
"The Church in Action in the Community," by a Pastor.
"An Evening of Surprises,' by a Committee.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Women's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

Notice: Headquarters have been moved to Room 421, Phelan Building, 760 Market street.

Here is the first story of the first kindergarten class of the first session of our Union Kindergarten Training School of Foochow, China. This first little Chinese laddie whose acquaintance we now make, can we not help him to be first also in ability and purpose to attain to first things also!

The Problem of "Bright Prosperity."

Dr. Kind-face stepped out of his ricksha and pounded on the big street door of the Chinese house. A man with thickly padded coat and trousers opened it and led the way to the room where the man of the house lay sick, anxiously waiting to see what the foreign doctor could do for him.

Every day for two months the missionary doctor went to help this rich Chinese man, until at last he was entirely well again.

Then one day the Chinese man appeared at Dr. Kind-face's hospital door, with an anxious face. "I have one little boy," he said. "He is five years old, and everybody in our big household is spoiling him—his grandfather, grandmother, and all the servants. I am afraid he will grow up and not be able to do anything for himself or to think of anyone else. He is very badly spoiled."

"I want to ask if you and your wife would take him into your home and bring him up. Then when he is old enough, I want him to go to America and live in a good family and go to school and college."

Dr. Kind-face fairly gasped at the trust which this wealthy Chinese father, who was not a Christian, placed in the Americans. But he had to tell the man that he and his wife would be unable to take the little boy, but would see if he could find someone who would.

Again the father came to the doctor. This time it was to say that even if some other missionary could be found to take the wee Chinese laddie, his grandmother was not willing to have the boy go into a foreigner's home while he was so little. So the father didn't know what to do.

Just here Dr. Kind-face had an inspiration. "Why don't you send the boy to a kindergarten?" he asked.

"I had thought of that, but there is no kindergarten near us. Why do you Americans not start a good kindergarten in our section of the city?"

Dr. Kind-face suddenly remembered that only the day before, he had heard that a Union Kindergarten Training School was being started in that section of the city, and that there would be a model kindergarten held in connection with it; so he told the anxious father about it and brought relief to his mind.

That is how it happened that little "Bright Prosperity" came into our kindergarten gate the next morning with his grandfather, father, uncle and amah, or nurse, admiringly surrounding him. During the whole morning he clung to the amah's coat, cried to go home, cried to be carried, pulled the long-suffering amah out the door and in again, not deigning to look at the little paper combs the other children were cutting out, nor to sit in one of the little red chairs.

This went on for two days. Then he forgot himself for a moment and listened to part of an interesting story which the smiling teacher—one of our first U. K. T. S. graduates—was telling.

Next he discovered some pretty colored blocks which he found he could pile into a high pagoda, if nurse stood right beside him. The third day he condescended to sit in a little chair just outside the circle.

A few days later the training school girls, who had been watching with much interest his little High Mightiness, were delighted when his amah having brought him into the circle, said, "I must go out and buy some vegetables, then I'll come back for you," and Bright Prosperity calmly nodded his head as he firmly pounded a block into the sand on the sand-table.

Thus it was that this little laddie came to us; and now, if you should peek into the sunny kindergarten you would see him working away with the other children as happily as you please. And we feel sure the Bible stories and prayer songs are finding their way into his non-Christian home along with the games and easy Chinese characters which he is learning. BERTHA HARDING ALLEN.

I bind my heart this tide
To the Galilean's side,
To the wounds of Calvary,
To the Christ who died for me.

I bind my soul this day
To the brother far away,
And the brother near at hand,
In this town, and in this land.

I bind my heart in thrall
To the God, the Lord of all,
To the God, the poor man's friend,
And the Christ whom he did send.

I bind myself to peace,
To make strife and envy cease.
God! knot thou sure the cord
Of my thraldom to my Lord.

—Lauchlan Maclean Watt.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld, by thee.

Helps By the Way.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills."

MINISTRY OF MEDITATION.

Thou shalt meditate therein day and night. Josh 1.8. Why should Joshua so meditate in "the book of the law?" Because by meditation we get the heart of a thing. Memory may give us the letter; it is only meditation that will give us the spirit. We may know all the words of a poem, and yet know nothing of the holy place where its genius dwells. The shy spirit of a great poem is something like a shy bird—it only comes out as we watch long in perfect stillness. And so it is with the law of the Lord; a swift, rushing reading gives us nothing. Prolonged meditation introduces us into its mood, and we have fellowship with the spirit in which it was born.

Nowadays there is too much reading and too little thinking. We run over wide surfaces, we do not descend into any depths. We know the letter, we are strangers to the spirit. One saying of the Lord, meditated upon, will yield more inspiration than a whole chapter read at a gallop. We talk of "doing" things. We "do" Rome in a couple of days. We do the English Lake district in a few hours. We "do" much and we "see" nothing. We read much and we do not enter "the secret place of the Most High."

"Be still and know that I am God." There is a knowledge into which we enter when the soul is perfectly quiet, when we have laid aside the feverishness of the fretful day, and permit our wearied souls the ministry and solace of contemplation. In these quiet seasons the mind is not so much reasoning her way to conclusions as just feasting upon the glory of the Lord. Logic is laid aside, and the soul gives herself to devotion. And in such moments we have the unspeakable help of the Holy Spirit, who is the Spirit of counsel and of might. He will guide our contemplations, and he will help us to appropriate the glory upon which we gaze. Our meditation will be sweet; and more than sweet, for in such meditation we shall absorb the strength in which we can resume our journey, and take up the next task on the ever varying road.—Jowett.

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We know what principles rule the skies and what spirit fills them. And we can reach up and lay hold of those principles and be filled with that spirit and work them out in the affairs of this flesh-bound life and earthly state. * * * We can apprehend the heavenly and manifest its everlasting beauty in this disfigured, snarling, clangorous, word. * * * Blessed are they whose hearts repeat some holy strain; who catch the tune of the new song and sing it, play it, with all their powers; till every thought of the mind, every motion of desire, and almost the very blood-pulse in the arteries shall run rythmic with the will of God.—From "The Symphony of Righteousness" by W. V. Kelley.

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Lord, nothing but thy peace will give me strength for toil. I am easily wearied from without when I have not rest within. I move with tardy feet when my heart lies not on a couch of down. Often have I marveled at that strength of thine which would climb the Dolorous way bearing a cross laden with the sins of all mankind. But I have found the secret now. Thy peace came first—came before the Garden, came before the climbing. It was Thy peace that made the climbing possible, it was thy peace that made the yoke easy and the burden light. Be mine thy peace, O Lord—the peace before the battle! I too have steeps to climb, I too have crosses to carry, send me the rest of the heart ere they come! I have heard men say, "After dark the light comes"; but I would have light in the dark. * * * Not as the world gives, give thy peace to me! The world gives its peace to reward toil; give me thine to prepare for toil. The world gives its peace to exhausted energy; give me thine as a stimulus to action! The world gives its peace as a rest from labour; give me thine to wake me from repose and to nerve me for the coming day!—George Matheson.

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The wells of the Lord are to be found where most I need them. The Lord of the way knows the pilgrim life, and the wells have been unsealed just where the soul is prone to become dry and faint. At the foot of Hill Difficulty was found a spring! Yes, these health springs are lifting their crystal flood in the cheerless wastes of evil antagonisms and exhausting grief. Sometimes I am foolish and in my need I assume that the well is far away. I knew a farmer who for a generation had carried every pail of water from a distant well to meet the needs of his homestead. One day he sunk a shaft by his own house door, and to his great joy he found the water was waiting at his own gate. My soul, thy well is near, even here. Go not in search of Him! Thy pilgrimage is ended, O the waters are at thy feet! * * * But we must "draw the water out of the wells of salvation." The hand of faith must lift the gracious gift to the parched lips, and so refresh the panting soul. "I will take the cup of salvation."—John Henry Jowett.

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I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart was given.

—Emily Dickinson.

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We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within ourselves the beginning and the possibility of it. God is our continual incitement, because we are his children. So the ideal life is in our blood and will never be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are.—Phillips Brooks.

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Would'st shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances towards the past;
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born.
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask;
Each day will set its proper task.

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Spiritual thoughts, high aims, love of the true and beautiful and good, scorn of wrong—these are the things that make a man; and these bring him near to God.

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"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own!"

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"While Galahad thus spoke, his eye, dwelling on mine,
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew
One with him—to believe as he believed."

The Home.

THE DAUGHTER WHO GOES FORTH.

If You Have Not Taught the Girl to Take Care of Herself, There Is Something for You to Think About.

The great call for hospital nurses that is echoing through the land is full of significance for the girls and young women of the country. Even though the war should end sooner than now seems possible, for many years there will be demand for the services of women, to care for the returning wounded—men crippled, shocked out of nervous poise, needing skillful care and teaching the way back to normal life and usefulness. Wonderful inventions, not only of apparatus but of methods of mental restoration, have spread a rainbow of promise across the black sky for the wrecked in body and mind who in former times would have been wrecks and nothing else to the end of their days. And immediately there will be great need of care and cheerful service among the convalescent who will be fully restored to health and vigor.

Now, to a great extent this is woman's work. Just as the calls for volunteers and the selective draft have summoned millions of men to the fighting line and the hard services back of the battlefront, so the call for nurses will bring out thousands upon thousands of your women from sheltered homes, to whom four years ago such a possibility would have seemed the most fantastic of absurdities. We could not hold them back if we would; we would not if we could. It is the call, not only of our country, but of suffering humanity. Womanhood in all times have heeded that call. Our women will not fail now. All over the country they are going forth, and still they will go forth.

A good deal of mischief has been done since the United States entered the war by a certain hysterical propaganda which has tended to make young women—and some older ones—imagine it in some way their duty to act differently toward a man in uniform from the way in which they would have acted toward him in citizen's dress. Of course, there is a sense and degree in which this is not only proper, but desirable. The man who has been called into the military service of his country is making a tremendous sacrifice, of all he has, and the rest of us, women included, may well go far out of our way to express our gratitude.

But, so far as women are concerned, there is a line to be drawn, and a sharp line. Putting a uniform on a man does not change his character. In fact, with many men, the laying aside of the individual costume and the merging of him into the impersonal mass of the army, and more than that, the transfer of him to strange places far from the restraints of home and neighbors, free him to a considerable extent from the influence of the home public opinion, and in many cases he is not quite so careful and self-controlled as is his habit. This army is a pretty heterogeneous gathering of men, of all sorts and kinds; they bring along with them every grade of moral standard. Besides that, even the best of them are terribly lonely and homesick.

There is a wonderful work that fine young women can do to encourage these lads, to uplift them, to bring out the finest qualities they have. I know of instances more than a few in which boys on the edge of serious demoralization were restored to their best ideals by the influence of the women they have met while thy have been in the training camps. And I have known, too, of girls who have suffered irreparable damage because they misjudged the character, not only of the soldiers with whom they came in contact, but of the nature of the influence they might have upon them.

Since it is necessary for our girls to go forth into a new and all but unforeseen field of activity, it is necessary as it never was before to consider what fitness they have to meet the strains and temptations to which they go.

The girl of hitherto sheltered life who goes into a hospital to take the nurses' training goes to a place where every form of reticence as to things physical, the relation of the sexes, and so on, goes by the board. Things she never heard of in her life will be the subject, not only of her studies, but of her daily conversation. She will have to render to wounded soldiers and to sick people of both sexes services the nature of which she never has dreamed of. I need not specify. This is the necessity of the situation and it must be accepted. I go so far as to believe that it is good for her that it should be so.

But all this carries with it a deadly peril for her if she be not put well upon her guard in advance. Now, Mother, if you never quite dared to do it before, you must be frank with that daughter of yours. You cannot shield her any longer. If you do not tell her what she needs to know for her own protection, **somebody will.** And who shall it be? Will you leave it to chance?

The girl whose mother has been frank with her about these matters will go unscathed through all the dangers that await her, as clean and pure and safe as ever she was. Doubtless thousands of others will take the shock of disillusionment as women take shocks of all kinds, and weather the storm without harm. But there will be others. * * * Are you quite certain about how your own daughter will come through this time of trial?

Not all the daughters will go into the nursing, with its glow of patriotic fervor to soften the sordid details of physical and moral strain. Thousands of young women, and even very young girls, are finding it necessary, in the financial emergency created by the bread-winner's going to war, to go into offices, shops, and factories. Many of these have been tenderly raised, carefully and mistakenly protected from knowledge of the perils of the hard work-a-day world.

The other day in a great factory I saw a really little girl, working as a messenger amid a considerable group of boys. Something about her manner and dress told me that she was of a sort not ordinarily to be found in such a situation. I questioned her a little and found that my surmise was true. And I found, too—for I took a little pains to learn what I wanted to know—that she had come into that strange and perilous place without any of the kind of knowledge and caution that I would want my daughter to have. She was terribly pretty. And the boys with whom she was to be associated all day long, day after day, week after week, did not look to me like the kind of associates I would want my daughter to be thrown with for most of her waking hours.

Women of all ages are going into a new set of relationships with the world. They will find their footing, and be, perhaps, the better and braver and stronger for it. But it has not been our custom to brace our daughters for this sort of thing. Home-maker—think this over, if you have a daughter, or a girl under your influence, who must shortly answer the call of the times to go out and battle with the world, whether in the soul-racking atmosphere of the hospital, in the cheerful service of the Soldiers' Convalescent House, or in the business and industrial world. The danger is not an imaginary one.—The Home-Maker, in New York Post.

For The Children.

WHAT THE TEAPOT SAID.

Dorothy shifted uneasily in her chair. She knew she had been naughty, but, nevertheless, the punishment was hard to bear. Here she was, in the "big room" at grandma's, with all the shadowy corners and queer, foreign-looking things around her, and she must stay among them a whole long hour, without a soul to speak to or anything to think about—that is, thoughts that were nice; there were plenty of disagreeable ones. She remembered how cross she had been at the breakfast table that morning because Aunt Mary wouldn't let her have the banana that would surely have made her ill; she recalled how she had pulled the cat's tail and teased the goldfishes with Uncle Dan's paper-cutter, just to see if they could squeal like mice and guinea pigs; she thought how she had found grandma's knitting on the table, and when no one was looking had pulled the thread of scarlet wool just a tiny mite, and it went so funny, and was all so crinkled, and the mitten kept growing so much smaller that she had not thought how wrong it was until after the deed was done, and the poor mitten lay a heap of bright red worsted at her feet. Dear me! how could she have been so heedless. Grandma hadn't said a word, but just looked over her spectacles with such sad old eyes that it almost made Dorothy cry, and then Aunt Mary had led her into the "big room," and told her she must stay there until she was sorry for her naughtiness and was willing to ask grandma's pardon. Dorothy tossed her curly head at this.

"Hump," she just wouldn't 'pologize, 'cause it wasn't really naughty at all only mischevious; anyhow, that's what Uncle Dan said." "Bless the child, she's just mischievous!" Dorothy didn't know what the word meant, but she guessed Uncle Dan loved her too much to say anything about her that wasn't nice.

She settled back in the great, stiff rocker, and knocked her little shoes impatiently against the rungs, shutting her eyes tight and saying over and over, "I won't 'pologize I won't, so there!"

"I won't, I won't; no, I wont!" Gracious! Who was repeating her own words so sharply She looked around her fearfully, half expecting to see Aunt Mary coming to scold her again.

"I won't; no, I won't!" Why, it was—yes surely it was the little China match girl on the mantelpiece talking to the Dresden teapot by her side! Dorothy sat up very straight and listened with all her might.

"But you know you really ought to," said the teapot calmly, moving a little bit nearer to its companion, "because it is right, and what's right is korrect"—spelt with a "k" for emphasis.

The match-girl shrugged her shoulders. "I tell you I won't," she said decidedly, "and I don't care for your advice, either."

The teapot looked stern. "'Don't Care' got hung," it remarked severely, "and as for my advice, I have a right to give it because I am a good many years older than you, my dear. If you will remember, I originally came from Dresden, and that was over a century ago."

The little match-girl hung her head. "You're cracked," she said, "and so you ain't worth anything; why, there's a big nick in your spout!"

"Who did it?" asked the teapot in a low, distinct tone.

Dorothy trembled. She knew who had done it. It was herself, when she had played party one day and taken the teapot without asking permission.

"Well, never mind," the teapot went on, "but it was unkind to treat me so carelessly, I think."

The match-girl looked around her. "Somebody has been very naughty again to-day," she said, "and I sha'n't like her any more."

"Why, dear, do not cherish unkind feelings in your heart against any one," and the teapot looked very wise.

"But don't you think it was wrong of her?" asked the match-girl quickly.

"To be sure, it was unpardonable to tease those poor little goldfishes so; one of them told me, confidentially, that he had no idea a little girl that had such pretty yellow curls and soft blue eyes could be so cruel."

"Yes," said the match-girl, "if she doesn't look out her eyes will grow fearfully ugly, and her face will be all lined with temper."

Dorothy shivered, but she seemed glued to her seat and dared not say a word.

"And her poor old grandmother is so good to her, too. Do you know that very pair of mittens that she ripped was for the little girl's Christmas?" The teapot nodded its head, and Dorothy's face grew very sober, indeed.

"Do you think she'll say she's sorry?" asked the match-girl anxiously.

The teapot thought a moment. "I heard her just say she wouldn't," it answered slowly; "no, she's too naughty; she will not apologize."

"O dear, I will—right now, this minute!" and Dorothy jumped from her chair and ran to the door with a little sob. She pushed it open, and hurried along the hall till she got to the sitting-room; then she paused an instant.

There was grandma, sitting in her cushioned chair before the cheerful open fire with her lace cap on her dear old gray head, and her wrinkled fingers patiently picking up the stitches and knitting away at Dorothy's red mitten.

"Grandma, grandma, I've come to 'pologize; I'm so sorry, and I'll never do it again—never!"

Grandma stooped down tenderly and, dropping the mitten, drew the tumbled curly head against her knee.

"Dear, dear pet, I know you won't; there, don't cry, and give your old grandma a kiss,, Dorothy dimples;"

Dorothy lifted up her tear-stained little face. "Have you forgived me " she whispered pleadingly.

Grandma's hand stole over the bright head, and rested there like a benediction.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive others," she murmured brokenly, and though Dorothy hardly understood it, she knew by the caress that she was forgiven.

That night she stole into the "big room" a minute before she went to bed, and she heard the teapot say to the little China match-girl:

"There! she says she is going to be good now always, and, do you know, I really think she will.—Alice Garland Steele.

NANNIE'S STILL HOUR.

Nannie Buckley, aged eight, repeatedly expressed her desire to earn money for the Red Cross work, or else do something directly for it.

Her aunt, whose favorite she was, at length said to her, "Nannie, if you will sit still without speaking for an hour, I will give you a dollar for the Red Cross."

"Oh, auntie, auntie, will you? Oh, will you, just for sitting still one hour? Why, that's easy," and the child's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

Auntie assured her that she meant what she said.

"Then when may I commence," cried Nannie.

"You may begin now, if you wish," was the reply. "It is now two o'clock, and you may sit still till three."

Down sat the little deluded girl, deluded because she felt that she was going to earn her money very easily. She pursed up her sweet little rosy lips as a sign of silence, and the hour began.

Five minutes dragged rather slowly by, and then her little neighbor called and wanted her to come out to play. Mrs. Buckley told the child her young daughter was engaged, and she ran away, and auntie's little employe sighed as she heard the retreating footsteps.

The clock ticked off fifteen minutes of the hour, and oh, what a long fifteen minutes it proved to be. And now Nannie's favorite friend came to spend the afternoon, and with her she brought her real Paris doll. "Now," thought the mother. "Nannie will yield," and she looked admiringly at the little sitter.

The child pointed to the clock and shook her head resolutely. Mrs. Buckley understood and explained matters to the little guest, and the latter said, "I can wait; I wish I could earn money so easily."

"Easily," thought Nannie, "she does not know how hard it is."

The visitor went out to play in the yard till the hour should expire.

Next came in Mr. Buckley, who proposed to take the two girls to town with him in the automobile, if they could come at once.

Nannie sighed again, but shook her head hard.

The mother again explained, and the father went away, exclaiming, "Why, little girl, that's fine, yes, fine."

Now came teasing brother Rob, with a plate of ice cream he offered to Nannie if she would say she wanted it. The little Red Cross worker held out her hand for the plate, but refused to speak.

"Only ten minutes more to it," thought Nannie, "and then this long, long hour will be over." But just at this moment the baby of the family, two years old, came dragging a tiny cart into the room where the long session was being held, and in some way he fell against the table leg, which brought his sister to her feet. The hurt was not serious and the little one was soon quieted, but poor Nannie burst into sobs when she realized that she had broken into the hour.

Auntie, however, when she heard all, took her in her arms and said she had done nobly and that she should have her dollar.—Anna D. Walker.

A QUEER LITTLE CRADLE.

There's a queer little cradle in each little flower
Where the wee babies are sleeping,
Though so small, they are growing hour by hour,
And the nurse flower watch is keeping.

All round and about are the stamen trees
Where the gold pollen cakes are growing.
And the birds and the butterflies shake these trees
And the seed-babies think that it's snowing.

But the snow in flowerland is yellow snow,
And the wee seed-baby loves it,
And it eats and eats, and this makes it grow,
While the nurse-flower smiles above it.

MANHOOD'S TOWN.

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray.
Manhood's Town lies—where? Can you tell me the way"
"Oh! by toiling and trying to reach that land,
'Tis by keeping up the steep hill—work,
'Tis by keping out of the wide street—shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh, that is the way to Manhood's Town."

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